

The Last Search
AFTER
CLARET
IN
SOUTHWARK:

Or a VISITATION of the

Paintners in the Mint,
WITH

The Debates of a *Committee* of that Profession thither Fled to avoid the *Cruel Persecution* of their *Unmerciful Creditors*.

A P O E M.

Dedicated to the most *Ingenuous Author* of the
Search after W I T, &c.

*'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,
(Like Bawd and Brandy) with Dispute.*

Hudibras.

London, Printed for E. Hawkins, 1691.

The Last Search

15454.8

CLARET

IN

SOUTH WAR

ON VISITATION of the

Chambers in the House

WITH

The names of the members of the House of Commons who have been elected to the House of Commons since the last general election.

A P O E M.

Dedicated to the most Excellent Prince of Wales, George IV. by the Author of the Poem.

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Press of the House of Commons, in the Strand.

London, Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Press of the House of Commons, in the Strand.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I did not know till now, that I was of Noble Blood (supposing my self to be of Plebeian Extraction) but you it seems are pleased to fetch my Pedegree from Bantam and Morocco, two Countries widely asunder; and I believe 'twill puzzle all the Parish Books in those two Kingdoms to Determine whether the Renegade my Father went over to Bantam, or the Strowling Gypsy my Mother rambled into the Moors Country to be delivered of me: However you make me some Amends about six Lines off, by acquainting the World with my unknown Accomplishments of Singing, Dancing, and Story Telling (excellent Vertues in a Jack-pudding or Merry Andrew) well E'gad Little Smirk, thou hast a plaguety faculty at Guesing. When thy hand was in, why couldst thou not have said that I could Conjure, Show slights of Hand, Dance on the Ropes, and Pit, Box and Gallery with any Mountebank in Italy? But those Accomplishments with Additions I expect in your next.

You talk something of a Humming in your Dedication, a word as difficult to be understood as Tetrachymagogon. But by way of Gratitude, if you please to allow some Gentlemen and my Self the Honour of your Company in the Apollo, at the Devil Tavern in Fleetstreet on Easter-Eve, you shall be most civilly Treated, and be made as free of the Blanket as ever was Sancho Pancha. In the mean time I am

Your Servants

Satyrical Dick.

THE
Epistle Dedicatory

TO THE

Under Drawer of the —'s Head Tavern in
—Gate Street, the Lucky Author of the
Search after Wit, &c.

Dear Honest Drawnsanfir,

THE Hot Fit of Rhiming being just off, and the Cold Fit of
Prose Succeeding, I am as it were necessitated to return you my
Hearty Thanks for the Honourable Character you gave me in your last
Essay, putting me in the Van of so many Illustrious Worthies, who
have Signaliz'd themselves to Posterity, by their Elaborate Writ-
ings, particularly with Shirly and Kainophilus; but P Faish Little
Mercury, 'twas something bold to Draw upon the whole Society of the
Quill at once before you gave the least notice of your Intentions in
the Gazette; but like your Namesake in the Rehearsal,

You Drink, you Huff, you Strut, look Big and Stare,
And all this you can do, because you dare.

THE
Last Search

AFTER

CLARET, &c.

Refreſht with ſoft ſleep, and Obliging kind Dreams,
Of walking with *Silvia* by murmuring Streams,
I awak't, and perceiv'd my late parted-with Friend,
In my Chamber did ſoftly my *Levee* attend;
Some Civilities paſt, he deſir'd me once more,
An odd morning to ſpend, and ſome *Claret* explore;
For he fancied it would be no difficult Matter,
To meet with ſome *Special* juſt over the Water;

For as it oft happens in large Country Town,
 At the chief *Topping Inns*, will no *Tipple* go down;
 But in a *Thatcht Cottage* remote from the Road,
 We do frequently meet with *Alle nappy* and *Good*,
 So tho *Claret* we found none the whole *City* thorough,
 Yet perhaps we might find it at last in the *Burrough*;
 With his Argument pleas'd, and my Garments put on,
 Took Coach and were hurried down to the *Old Swan*,
 Where a *Waterman* who will a thousand Lyes tell ye,
 Soon wafted us over to *Old Pepper-Ally*.

I.

Through stinks of all sorts, both the Simple and Compound,
 Which through narrow *Allies* our Senses do confound;
 We came to the *Beau*, which we soon understood,
 Was the first House in *Southwark* built after the *Flood*,
 And has such a Succession of *Vintners* known,
 Not more Names were e're yet in *Welsh Pedegree* shown:
 But *Claret* with them was so much out of Fashion,
 That it has not been known there a whole Generation.

I I.

To *Tooly-Street* hasting, we stept to the *Ram's-Head*,
 but soon found their pretences were *Shams*:

What

What blessing to *Aries*, *Stargazers* allow,
Yet we found the Sign *Retrograde* here down below.

III.

To the next *Bush* advancing we were hardly put to't,
To know whether the Sign was a *Leg* or a *Boat*;
So we thinking that there all our hopes would miscarry,
Steer'd our Voyage directly to sign of *Old Harry*.

IV.

Which although a fine Tavern, yet has scarce other use,
But a Passage to one Justice *Ev——ns* his House,
Before whom, (all their *Creditors* soon to confound)
Debtors Swear that they singly are not worth ten Pound;
When we told our Friend *Matt*, we for *Claret* would Pay,
He assur'd us his Trade lay a different way,
For *Wines* were intended——
To Cherish *Old Nature*, and not to destroy her,
So we wish him half hang'd for a *Vinegar Drawer*.

V.

Not a *Spaniard* with *Rhotomantadoes* can glory,
Nor tell more untruths in a damn'd florid Story,

Than

Than will *Robin Fa* — the Discourse of the Value
 And Richness of *Wine* he pretends he can Sell you:
 But we quickly perceiv'd by the *Wine* that he drew us,
 That the *Kent* of *Bull-head* were not far from a *Brewhouse*.

VI.

The *Ship* which so often has Rodé in *French Seas*,
 Whether troubled with *Razor* or some other *Disease*,
 Is now laid up in Harbour, but who next is her owner,
 Is a daring young *Spark* if he venture upon her.

VII.

If the *Bear* could afford no *Claret* was precious,
 A old Captain *S* — the in the Street they call *Gracious*;
 We soon thought at *King's Arms* we should meet with disaster,
 For the *Servant* is oftentimes much like the *Master*.

VIII.

To the *Queen's-head* we hastned, and found the House Ring,
 By *Broom-Men* a Singing *Old Simon the King*;
 Besides at the *Bar* we perceiv'd a poor *Trooper*
 Was Cursing the *Master*, and calling him *Cooper*.

Did not I once know——(cries the brisk Son of *Mars*)
 You once were a Hoop-Tub as poor as mine *Ar——*
 This occasion'd us both to decline going in,
 For Self-Preservation was ne've thought a Sin.

IX.

To the *Arms of the Queen*, since we Fail'd at her *Head*,
 VVe went, and perceiv'd we as meanly were spread ;
 For in choice of good *Wines Kit. Will——* knows nothing,
 Being far better Learned in *Nicking and Frothing*,
 And he had far better, what e're he may talk,
 Kept to Drunken *All-Fours* and his *Marlbrough Chalk*.

X.

To the *King's-Bench* we went without hindrance or let,
 To see a poor *Friend* was suspected of *Debt* ;
 Dejected we found him, and to chase away sorrow,
 (*Since only so Fate does belong our to-morrow*)
 Assur'd him, that we no expences would grudge,
 But send for a *half Flask of Wine* from the *Lodg* :
 He accepted our proffer, and then in a Trice,
 VVith some stuff he call'd *Claret* comes good Mr. *Pr——ce*,
 VVho stands at the Door of *King's-Bench* with his *Keys*,
 To let *Visitors* out, and keep in the *Flea's* ;

But when I attempted the *Wine* he had fill'd, —
 'Twas fit for no *Palate* but that of a *Jack-smith*.
 At this I perceiv'd my *Imprison'd Friend* Smil'd,
 And told me, *Pr*——ce once was a *Foot-mayman-Black-smith*.
 For indeed we could scarce reconcile it to Reason,
 Which was the worst Evil, the *Wine* or the *Prison*.

XI.

Disappointed by *Pr*——ce, then of *Wood*——rd we thought,
 But when his *fine Claret* the *Chamberlain* brought,
 Tho the *Man* might be *Good*, yet his *Claret* was *Naught*. }

XII.

Taking Leave of our *Friend*, with a *Liberation*,
 Came to *Lyon*, where once *William Feil*——r kept House:
 At the Door of which stood such a *Ghost* of a *Man*,
 And as strange in his Dress as if come from *Japan*;
 But the *House* we found empty, the *Drawers* all fled,
 And the News just arriv'd that the *Master* was Dead;
 We were certain that there we all *Juices* should want,
 And so took our Leave of the young *Dr. Pl*——t.

Then

XIII.

Then to sign of *two Hands* which together were joyn'd,
 VVe were told *Claret* there we should certainly find :
 But the *Mistress* o'th' House having *Conscience* most tender,
 To procure *Acts* of *Grace* was a Zealous pretender ;
 So busie was she in *Soliciting Causes*,
 Twixt *Debtors* small hopes, and their *Creditors* Losses ;
 She being so perfectly like *Widow Blackacre*,
 VVent out, and both wish that the *P*—— quickly might take her.

XIV.

To the Sign of *three Tuns* in the Heart of the *Rules*,
 VVhere the *Debtors* esteem all their *Creditors* Fools ;
 We found Mr. *Ro—e* who was cutting a *Caper*,
 For joy that he newly had paid *Debt* by Paper ;
 So lively and brisk was the *Quondam Old Taylor*,
 In thinking he now might walk free from a *Taylor*,
 That excesses of Joy did of Sense so bereave him,
 We thought that in prudence 'twas fittest to leave him.

XV.

Observing a *Bunch of Grapes* hang for a Sign,
 We at *Go—ds* then expected to meet with good *Wine* ;

Bog

But the Jolly *Wine-cooper* assur'd us on's Oath,
 Heestem'd all the *Claret* in Town but as Froth ;
 But with *Alicant* dasht in a Pint of *Red-port*,
 He could counterfeit *Claret* the best of the sort ;
 We curst his damn'd *Brewings*, but wisht his Profession,
 Would all of them make such a gen'robs Confession ;
 So finding cross Fates did our hopes disappoint,
 We directly went both of us into the *Mint*.

Where the *Ghosts* of poor *Debtors* are constantly Walking,
 Sometimes to themselves, then to other Men talking ;
 With a *Pemiless Pocket* they constantly roam,
 And fancy each Ale-house they come to their home ;
 There are no stately *Taverns*, nor *Houses of Eating*,
 But all things appear like a Dull *Quakers-Meeting* ;
 Excepting when flustred with Ale, or with Brandy,
 They fancy themselves to be Kings great as can be.
 It was now just Eleven when walking along,
 In a large Room encircel'd about with a throng,
Daniel Topp——I'd we spy'd, who once was, I assure ye,
 A *Topping Brisk Vintner* in Lane they call *Drury* ;
 But since both his Hopes and his Industry fail,
 Was humbly content to find gains by dull Ale :
 He invited us in, and a little Room clear,
 Where we plainly could all in the place next us hear ;
 We sat down, and then having of Mugs drank a couple,
 We desir'd our *Landlord* would no more himself trouble,
 For we both did about some small odd Business come,
 And desir'd we might sit undisturb'd in our Room ;

He

He agree'd, and again to his Company went,
 Who were all of them strictly observing of *Lent*,
 And in the whole Room there was scarcely found one,
 Whose Person or Face unto us was unknown;
 Some *Drapers*, some *Lacemen*, some *Brewers*, some *Bakers*,
 Some *Hornified Cuckolds*, and some *Cuckold-Makers*;
 But the *Vintners*, and those of the Wine-selling Trade,
 In the place were the most, and the best figure made:
 Sometimes they would Swear, and another time Curse,
 And hardness of times was their chiefest Discourse;
 At the upper end sitting cries old Captain *Tom*—*me*,
 I had once a most plentiful stock of *Old Wine*;
 But altho I have fail'd, yet I had my desert,
 For Selling *Canary* so cheap by the *Quart*;
 When to sell't for *two Shillings* few Men could dispense,
 Like an *Ass* I then sold it for just *eighteen Pence*.
 Sure says *Sta—y*, who Liv'd at the *Mitre* and *Poland*,
 Tho I once was a *Glazier*, and tho I have no Land,
 Yet I thought I was once in as ready a way
 To have got an *Estate*, had not *Wife* gone a stray;
 Had a tite *Spanish Padlock* been ever in Fashion,
 I had had the most *Virtuous Consort* i'th' Nation.
 Why, says *Wooldr—ge* my *Bowling-green* brings me more Coyn,
 And turns to a much better Profit than Wine:
 Nay, produce me a *Vintner* from hence to the *Bars*,
 Who like me lives exempted from Trouble and Cares;
 I Drink off my *Bottle*, am Jocund as any;
 Yes, yes, cries *Tom. Lawr—ce*, but thanks to your Mony.
 Think you *Coffee* and *Tea* I'de so orderly Brew,
 If I was but as well stockt with Mony as you?

Ponce Liv'd in *Fleet-Street* at sign of the *Feather* ;
 Yes, yes, replies *Woold——ge*, till hot grew the Weather ;
 And when your *Dry Kaults* scarcely held a full Pint,
 Then hither you came to Sell stuff in the *Mint* ;
 But *Tom* was so nettled with this Lew'd Disgrace,
 That his *Mug* had been battred 'gainst *Woold——ges* Face,
 Had not *Lumbar-d-Break-Glover* in time interpos'd,
 And Piously this sodden Passion compos'd,
 Fie, fie, *Gentlemen*, once of the Hoghead and Bagrel,
 What shall we in Afflict'ons in Mutiny Quarrel ?
 We are now in a Vessel, if I may so speak,
 That the least tottring of it endangers a Leak.
 Ay, says *L——e*, who in *East-cheap* once liv'd at *Boars-Head*,
 Let all men by me, scorn the *Wine-selling* Trade ;
 With the *fishy Whore Fortune* in *England* I Dealt,
 And in *Holland* I found her the very same Filt ;
 She has toss'd me about like a *Dog* in a *Blanket*,
 Had my *Fate* been but kind I should gladly have thank it.
 Come a *Pox* of all Sorrow and Dull heavy Thinking,
 Let us chear up our Spirits by Musick and Drinking,
 Cries *Steph——ns* who once at the *Billings-gate* Dog,
 Presented his *Chares's*, (had general Vogue,)
 And produces a *Fiddle*, with which very often,
 The Cares of Sir *Edward* he us'd to soften ;
 But the Company scorning so trifling a help,
 Bid him put up his *Kirt* for a sawcy young whelp.
 Nay, nay, nay, says *Tom*, *Mer——re* I know no such reason,
 For Musick can never be thought out of Season.
 What a *Pox*, cries a Vintner, what would you be at ?
 Young *Parchment* Old *Dog*, dare you venture to Prate ?

Don't

(11)
Don't we know all the Sharping fly tricks that you use ?
He's an Afs, says the other, would Musick refuse :
At this, *Hoop*———r Discharg'd his *Mugg* full at his Head,
And th'other the Friendship with Interest paid :
Each Party had *Seconds* whom passion made Warm,
And *Glasses* and *Pots* flew like Hail in a Storm :
So not knowing what *Murder* and *Blood* might ensue,
In hast paid for our Drink, and so timely withdrew,
Resolving the dull tedious search to give o're,
And never inquire for *Old Dry Claret* more.

F I N I S.